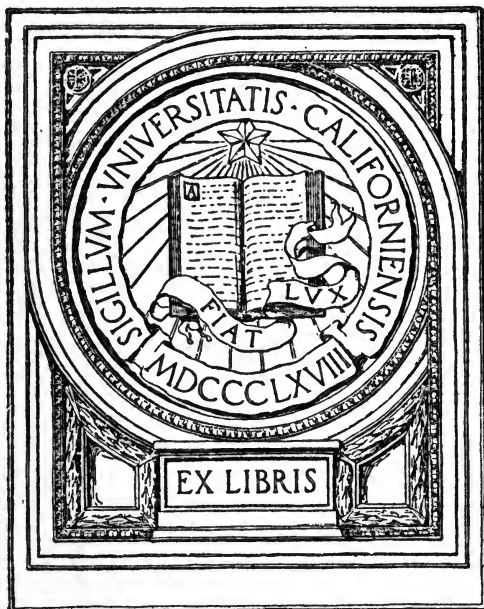


# *California and Other Poems*

—Lydia F. Angney

GIFT OF  
Class of 1887



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CALIFORNIA

AND

OTHER POEMS

985

of Sonnet

Lydia F. Angney

to my faithful nurse

Mrs A. H. Stevens

BY

LYDIA F. ANGNEY

GILROY, CALIFORNIA

1900

Class of 1887

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TO JUDGE L. ARCHER :

Who proved himself a true friend to my husband, W. Z. Angney, and who has, during my long widowhood, been kind and thoughtful of me, these heart melodies are respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.





## GREETING.

---

When the rosy morning broke  
O'er the sleeping earth,  
From the temple of the soul  
Poesy leaped forth;  
Poesy the heavenly maid  
Born of light and love;  
Making earth her dwelling place,  
Heavenly good to prove.

Thus she wanders up and down  
Mountains, and o'er moor;  
Where the gentle breezes blows:  
Where the tempests roar;  
In lowly cot, in regal hall,  
O'er lightsome heart, and sad,  
She stretches forth her magic wand,  
And lo, that heart is glad.

Give friendly greetings! Comes she not,  
A messenger of love?  
The inner soul to educate,  
The higher thoughts to move?  
To bring them forward, one by one,  
Till marshalled in a line,  
The herald of a rhapsody,  
Melodious and sublime



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“ CALIFORNIA ”



## CALIFORNIA.

*(Written in the winter of 1870.)*

My countrymen ! I call you all mine own !  
Since in this favored clime we make our home ;  
And watch together in her fitful mood,  
If evil be the harbinger or good ;  
Together mark the first glad signs of rain,  
When ploughmen wait more moisture for the grain ;  
Or when the frost has nipped the tender bloom  
Invoke the sunshine and the airs of June.

Together we behold the healthful stride,  
Our glorious land attempts on every side ;  
Together we enjoy the blessing rare,  
Scattered by Providence with kindly care ;  
And here, perchance, beneath these sunny skies  
Together we may dwell, 'till o'er our eyes  
The sunlight falls no more : then dying bless  
The land by fortune favored and caressed.

Proud Californians ! is there not a band,  
A cord, a something linking hand to hand,  
Of all the seekers for the sparkling ore,  
Who've shared the miner's cot, the miner's store ?  
Chased golden phantoms throughout gulch and glen  
Delved in the ditch, the river-bed and fen,

Stumbled perhaps, on thousands in a day ;  
And thousands squandered in an hour away ?

Yes, there is something in a life so strange,  
A sympathy, it may be, with the name  
Which miners seem to feel, and when they meet  
They offer hands and like old comrades greet ;  
Recount their lucky days, the evil too  
Are then reviewed, and without much ado ;  
Like true philosophers, they barb the shaft  
Of disappointment with a hearty laugh.

And thus, they come and go in this fair land,  
Sifting and shifting like the hills of sand  
Where'er the winds may blow ; and cities rise,  
And blooming fields and gardens greet our eyes  
Where all was stern and bare ; and children dear  
In every nook and corner now appear :—  
For woman's smile illuminates each glade  
Where man is wandering, or a home is made.

Traverse the mountain ranges far and near,  
Up to the heights where snow-capped heads appear,  
And there'll be found, when daylight fades away  
The fire of home to tempt the traveler's stay :  
And sheltered 'neath the everlasting snow  
He'll sleep as sweetly as in vales below ;  
Where gentle breezes wake the murmuring streams  
Soothing to slumber, and invoking dreams.



Go down into the gulch's profoundest shade,  
Where morning sunbeams never yet have strayed,  
Follow the passage of the winding stream  
Round crags and roots, and hanging rocks between :  
Then stop at once and gaze in mute surprise ;  
For even there domestic scenes arise ;  
And mellow voices mingle with the lay  
The wild birds warble, and as blithe as they.

Then wander far into the forest deep,  
Where broken sunlight plays all day bopeep ;  
Where darkness settles down so soon, they say  
It measures almost twice the night to day ;  
Into the shades go forward without fear,  
The woodman's ax shall soon salute your ear ;  
Where grand old firs which have withstood the din  
And rage of many tempests, yield to him.

Yet tarry not his honest ax to stay  
Though he may hail you in a cordial way ;  
Be pleased to enter on a friendly chat,  
No matter what the subject, this or that ;  
But pass him by, and just beyond discern  
A well-worn pathway, into which you turn,  
And yonder look into a sunny glade ;  
Then ask your heart for whom that home was made.

And now I'll take you to the scorching plain,  
Where long, long summer passes without rain ;  
Where nature writhes and burns with fever deep,

And skies look on, but never, never weep ;  
Where minor rivers waste away unfed,  
Sinking at last beneath their sandy bed;  
And wandering herds that can no more defy  
The thirst and hunger, lay them down to die.

Yes, here I'll take you, and forsooth you'll say,  
In such a waste as THIS man ne'er will stay;  
No chance for vegetation can appear :  
No green oasis greet the traveller here :  
Nothing is here to tempt the heart or hand  
To make a habitation in this land ;  
And yet while speaking, looking here and there,  
The curling smoke floats upward through the air.

And following thitherward o'er burning sand,  
Your brow is soon by fresher breezes fanned;  
And by and by, to greet you with surprise  
A hamlet seems out from the sands to rise ;  
A hamlet young in years, in truth, may be,  
But old in many ways, as you will see;  
A village full of motion, full of noise,  
Of maids and matrons, and of men and boys.

Enter yourself, my pen would scarcely dare  
Paint half the doings you might witness there;—  
Sufficient let it be for me to say  
There might be things unsuited to my lay ;  
So I will leave, and be you so inclined  
Enter yourself and satisfy your mind ;

Study the whole as you may deem it best;  
This one is but a sample of the rest.

But let me tell you e'er I leave you here,  
I cannot name a place so waste and sere,  
But man would brave, and woman would endure  
All evil haps, a venture to secure;  
A claim, perhaps, in some fictitious mine;  
A garden plat for apples or the vine;  
A house for lodgers, or for making clean  
The outer man, what e'er might be within.

Nor is there known a place so cold and bleak  
But it might tempt the eager wanderer's feet;  
Could he but hope some rich reward to gain  
Winter might shake his shaggy locks in vain;  
Send all his demons forth to dismal fray,  
Disputing every step along the way;  
But still undaunted, he would onward pass,  
And from his eyrie sound the signal blast.

Go, touch Sierra on his brow of snow!  
Bid him survey the hills and vales below,  
And tell you if in all the region round  
There be a place, that man has never found!  
And if there be, bid him but speak the word,  
And hopeful hearts are in a moment stirred;  
Before the same revibrates o'er the land  
A throng go forward, as by some command.

Go forth, perhaps, to battle with much sin,  
From foes without and enemies within ;  
And fortune may, with other things unite  
To rob hope's cheering beams of half its light ;  
But when the day-god from the scene retires,  
And evening dots the place with many fires,  
The mingled sounds of laughter and of song  
Shall wake the wilds with echoes loud and long.

In time so short I scarcely dare proclaim  
A town has risen, bearing some quaint name ;  
A busy town, demanding as its due  
A share of patronage and notice too ;  
And when connected by electric wires  
To places far away, she more aspires ;  
A way for transportation is the song ;  
'Till the steam horses drag the cars along.

O'er dreary plains, through valleys fresh and green,  
Through mountain tunnels, craggy rocks between,  
Spanning the rivers, ploughing through the snow,  
Puffing and snorting madly on they go,  
Bearing their freight of life and industry  
Hither and thither, as the case may be ;  
Nature developing along the line ;  
A farm-house here, and there a friendly sign.

As it has been, so it perchance, will be  
A few more years, before our people see  
Fortunes by luck come only to the few ;

And those who make their own, ever pursue  
Some steady course, some purpose understood  
For special benefit, or public good ;  
No matter what the calling, if we show  
Skill and attention, it will surely grow.

---

That restless spirit, born of forty-nine  
And expectation great, must sure decline ;  
And our broad plains shall thus divided be ;  
And homes be found where naught but waste we see ;  
Then will the slumbering forces wake from sleep,  
And industry will take an onward sweep ;  
And the whole country be alive and gay  
From the far hill-tops to Francisco Bay.

---

My vision closing to the present scenes,  
Not far before the glorious future beams,  
With all that wealth and beauty can command ;  
The country populous, the cities grand ;  
Commerce matured, to manhood fully grown ;  
And manufacturies marching boldly on ;  
Together working, fortune from that hour  
To California gives the rod of power.

Behold she rises in the scales of state,  
Fearless in bearing, eminently great ;  
Holding a force within herself alone  
To any sister state before unknown ;  
And which to equalize the fates declare,  
The Nation's Capital shall move somewhere

Mid-way between the East and West to stand ;  
A noble structure, and superbly grand.

Her halls of learning great and good appear,  
Improving and increasing year by year ;  
Wherein the sciences are freely taught,  
And well expounded by the aid of thought  
And new inventions : 'till the lofty dome  
On Hamilton's fair brow, a worthy home,  
Allures Urania from those bowers divine  
To dwell therein, a guide for earnest mind.

Among her children, here and there a name  
Shall be recorded on the scrolls of fame ;  
In golden letters which shall not decay  
When centuries have rolled their years away ;  
Others shall raise the monumental stone  
Of worthy deeds and purposes alone ;  
So that wise men in every state and age,  
Shall deem them worthy of historic page.

Each day developing some mighty cause,  
Construing problems, investigating laws,  
Tracing the comets as they onward fly ;  
Numbering the distant worlds as they go by ;  
Diving beneath old ocean's briny wave,  
Gathering the treasures of the coral cave ;  
'Till mystery gives up the secret key,  
And opes the doors of nature, wide and free.

Brighter and brighter o'er my mental dreams  
The halo from the far-off future beams ;  
And in my soul such glorious raptures dwell  
My muse is dumb for lack of power to tell :—  
But if you'll peep into the distant sky,  
Perhaps you'll catch a glimpse, as well as I,  
Of California in her future state ;  
A queen among the nations, good and great.

## LAS UVAS.

---

Thou pleasant vale ! O, valley green !  
Through which the Uvas gently runs ;  
In years ago, thy skies, I ween  
Were bright as any 'neath the sun ;  
And bright the flowers that ever smiled  
To cheer the traveler on his way ;  
And soft the murmurs that beguiled  
The hours alike, of night and day.

The dark-eyed maiden wandered down  
Thy sunny slopes, in pensive mind ;  
Or half inclined upon the ground  
Thus listening to the whispering wind ;  
Or this, perchance, a lover bold  
She waited where the waters met ;  
The same sweet tale was ever told ;  
The same sweet tale they're telling yet.

But who would roll the seasons back,  
And bring those listless hours again ?  
'Tis well, we move in progress tract,  
And little of old days remain,  
Save in the minds of those who dwelt  
In Uvas valley, long ago,  
Who wandered by the stream, and felt  
The music of its dreamy flow.



The same pure waters ripple still,  
Down through the hills, toward the sea ;  
But strangers come the soil to till ;  
And all is thrift and industry ;  
Where once the tangled coppice grew,  
The growing orchards now are seen ;  
And vineyards old, and vineyards new  
Are traced in squares of lovely green.

The old dream-life has passed away :—  
And now, fair vale ! the time is near,  
When thou, the crown shalt wear, for aye,  
The vintage queen, from year to year ;  
And all the world shall know thy name ;  
For products rare shall come to thee ;  
Writing upon the scrolls of fame  
LAS UVAS ; such thy destiny.

## CALIFORNIA IDYL.

---

The sober autumn days were near,  
The chilly nights were coming ;  
I heard the piping of the winds ;  
The beetle's drowsy humming.

Across the fields in idleness  
I wandered, without thinking ;  
Until I neared a little stream  
Where neighboring flocks were drinking.

And looking up as from a dream,  
A thoughtful spell came o'er me ;  
For there a winsome maiden stood  
Tending the flocks before me.

I could not turn; how could I go  
Without one word of greeting?  
When fortune kind, had sent me there  
On purpose for the meeting.

And so I stood and studied o'er  
Some pretext, to address her ;  
The more I thought, the more I felt  
A yearning to possess her.

She saw me hesitating stand ;—  
Sweet child ! so little knowing ;

And came at once. Kind Sir! she said  
Which way would you be going?

I tend my Father's flocks, you see,  
All through the summer weather;  
And thus we wander up and down  
The hills and dales together.

There's not a trail or winding path  
From out the valley leading,  
I have not followed many times  
While I my flocks am feeding.

But when she saw the earnest look  
I could not help bestowing;  
She left me like a startled fawn,  
To find my way for going.

Cupid had so ensnared my heart,  
I could not bide the turning;  
And thus I followed down the stream,  
That more I might be learning.

And more indeed, I learned that night;  
Something well worth the telling;  
Her father was my father's friend;  
And close by was his dwelling.

But need I more disclosures make?  
Our hearts together blended.  
And you may guess, if guess you can,  
Just how the matter ended.

## THE STORM KING

The following poem was written by Mrs. L. F. Angney of Gilroy during the great storm of 1862, when the fair face of California was temporarily disfigured by the Storm King. As 1889 bears a striking similarity to 1862 in its precipitation of rain, it will make the republication of the ode to the "Storm King" appropriate reading at the present time.

## THE STORM KING.

---

*Written during the great storm of 1862.*

Hark ! the bridegroom is coming  
He claims a mate !  
Bring forth my bridal garments  
He must not wait.  
The glittering crown is ready,  
To deck my brow,—  
Ope' the gate for my love,  
I'm ready now !  
  
Hear, how his chariot thunders  
Down the mountain side !  
Does he not come in grandeur,  
To seek his bride ?  
Oh ! to be bride of the Storm King  
So great so grand !  
To ride with him in his fury,  
All over the land !

Away to the frozen empire,  
Where the snow and ice  
Shall pile up the mountains of splendor ;  
Is it not nice ?  
Then with a sweep o'er the ocean  
Away we will go  
Down to the torred regions,  
Where the hurricanes blow ;  
Back through the leafless forest,  
Across the moor,  
We'll rush round the lonely cottage  
And rattle the door ;  
Scream in the maiden's ear  
As she waits to behold,  
Coming from out the gloaming  
Her lover bold.  
Then off to the crowded city,  
Along the street,  
We'll ride in our car of thunder  
And scatter the sleet ;  
Out through the courts and alleys  
With hideous yell,  
We'll frighten the inmates of garrets  
And lowly cell.  
Maddening the fiends of the ocean  
Till waters shall leap  
Covering the glories of nations  
With ruin deep ;

And poverty shall look on the ravage  
In sad dismay,  
Then hug up his tattered garments  
And turn away.

And this may restore the good spirit  
By avarice slain;  
May call back the tide of feeling  
To life again ;  
'Twill teach us how frail are our efforts  
Compared with His power ;  
And man must look upward for succor  
When the dark clouds lower.

## A GRAND FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

---

The Grangers of Gilroy, with their families and a large circle of friends, enjoyed the Fourth of July by participating in a feast, comprising all the good things of the season. Among the intellectual pleasures and social enjoyments, the following beautiful and appropriate poem was composed for the occasion by a lady Granger, and read by the worthy Lecturer:

Awake my soul ! awake my lyre, awake !

Green hills, and blooming dales my notes prolong !  
For love of freedom minstrelsy should make  
This day replete with melody and song.

Then ring, ye bells ! ring for your country, ring !

Behold Columbia's ninety-nine to-day ;  
And happy songsters ! sing for gladness, sing  
Till echoe answers echo far away.

Co-workers, wake ! and utter grateful praise

To Him who rules the universe on high ;  
Who gives us life and love and length of days,  
And guards us ever with parental eye ;

Through the green valleys guides the winding streams ;

Scatters refreshing dewdrops o'er the earth ;  
Moderates the fierceness of the noonday beams,  
And calls each tiny blossom into birth.

Who has perserved us well through many years,  
Though foes without, and enemies within  
Have tampered with our virtues, till we fear  
Prosperity, decay ; when vices win.

But let us work for that which seemeth good ;  
Work with a will, for measures just and strong ;  
Guard well the TRUST, for which our fathers stood  
And battled for, through many years and long.

Was it for GOLD those heroes took the field?  
For love of GOLD were battles fought and won?  
To the great soul of him, I must appeal,  
Who led our forces, glorious Washington !

Ah, they were great ! and sons of noble sires ;  
'Tis well we should recall their deeds, so brave !  
Lest Freedom's spirit smoulder and expire,  
Without one torch to light her to the grave.

Oh ! that the muses might inspire my pen  
To stay the ebbing of our Country's pride !  
To raise her sinking standard up again,  
And plant it firmly on the mountains side.

Behold ! Columbia stands with outstretched arms,  
Praying her sons her honor to maintain :  
Each passing year, increases her alarms ;  
And can it be, she pleads with us in vain?

Come forth, ye Grangers ! workers of the land !  
To you she's turning, that she may be free ;



Assume the championship with sturdy hand,  
And lead the way to glorious victory.

Redeem her honor ! raise her standard high,  
And let it wave as proudly as of yore ;  
So firmly planted, that it may defy  
All stormy weather, now and evermore.

Then shall prosperity our ways attend,  
Strengthen our hopes, and chase away our fears ;  
Enchantments to our various efforts lend,  
As round and round time whirls the wheel of years.

And then the cheery notes of winsome spring,  
The glowing beams of summer, in her pride,  
O'er lovely Flora shall their influence fling,  
To animate her kingdom, far and wide.

Autumn shall come, and Ceres shall proclaim  
Her many garnerers full of ripened corn ;  
And glad Pomona in her realm shall reign,  
Queen of the vintage, and the soul of song.

But when the trembling leaves have fluttered down,  
The merry face of winter shall appear ;  
With frozen dewdrops sparkling in his crown ;  
Bringing more holidays than all the year.

And thus the seasons, as they come and go.  
Shall give us hours of labor and of ease ;  
Fortune her many favors shall bestow  
With liberal hand, to cherish and to please.

Now let us cheer Columbia's heart once more;  
And bid her hope, her honor to maintain;  
Or shall we still, her pleadings all ignore,  
And sink with her, in slavery and in shame?



### GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

---

In a lovely valley where bright waters strayed,  
Rippling in the sunshine, wandering through the shade,  
There fell a heavenly music upon the ambient air;  
"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

Through a green bough flitting, drooping o'er the stream,  
In her happy freedom, sang the woodland queen;  
"I will sound the sacred praise, and with my voice  
declare,

The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

In the arch of heaven, beautiful and bright  
All the stars that twinkle on the brow of night,  
Tell the same old story, and with one voice declare,  
"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

From the pleasant valley, from the wild-wood bower;  
At the busy noontide, at the midnight hour,  
One soft, sweet chorus soundeth, is echoed through the  
air,

"The earth is very beautiful, and God is everywhere."

## SABBATH EVENING.

---

Before me stretch the fields of grain  
Tinged with the golden yellow ;  
Behind the setting sun goes down  
'Mid fleecy clouds, and mellow.

The herds are slowly coming in ;  
The swallow homeward flying ;  
And nature with a thousand tongues  
Declare the day is dying.

One little star alone appears,  
And silent watch is keeping ;  
Like careful mother o'er the couch,  
Of tender childhood sleeping.

And now the mellow rays of light  
The hills no longer cover ;  
And lo ! the heralds of the night  
Proclaim the day is over.

Dim and confused the distant view ;  
Darkness o'er all is creeping ;  
And soon the busy hum of life  
Will all be hushed, and sleeping.

From his rude hiding place, the owl  
Comes forth to greet the even;  
And fairies light their little lamps  
Right in the face of heaven.

Alone, I watch the worlds afar,  
Their courses onward steering,  
And question if they may not be,  
The heavens to which we're nearing.

Perhaps yon star, which even now  
With such bright light is glowing,  
May be a mansion in the skies  
Whither my soul is going.

And as mine eyes take in the light  
That twinkles through the portals  
Upward I mount on wings of night,  
Scanning the realms immortal.

And passing on through upper space,  
Where countless stars are gleaming;  
I lose all worldliness, and pride,  
So very small I'm seeming.

But ah! the solemn hush of night  
Has slowly settled round me;  
Backward I turn to real life,  
Breaking the chains which bound me.

## IN MEMORIAM.

---

Where my companion sleepeth  
The morning sunbeams creepeth ;  
The dewdrops glow and glisten ;  
The zepthers seem to listen :  
While the robin, on the oak tree over head,  
Chants a dirge, low and softly for the dead.

And when the shadow falleth  
Straight down, and noonday calleth  
Her children to rest for an hour,  
In field, in cottage and bower,  
The warm bright sun a careful vigil keepeth,  
Over the place where my companion sleepeth.

When the busy day is gone,  
And the evening cometh on,  
The evening so balmy and still ;  
In thought I rove where I will ;  
And down in the graveyard I am weeping ;  
All night long, while the world is still and sleeping.

He was my only treasure,  
Filling my earthly measure  
With love so full and flowing,  
I did not note his going ;  
Or I did not wish to know that he must tread  
So soon the path leading down to the dead.

One night, but not to grieve me,  
They told me, he must leave me;  
The raging winds were blowing;  
His breath was shorter growing;  
And before another day he would be dead;  
Before another day and night had fled.

Oh, how my head was aching !  
My heart was breaking, breaking ;  
I knew I'd not the power,  
To stay the dreaded hour :  
And I sat like one benumbed beside his bed;  
Sat and thought of nothing but the dead.

The golden bowl is broken ;  
The love so often spoken  
Is all that's left to cheer me ;  
Though oft I feel him hear me ;  
And I know he will await me on the shore ;  
Await me till the boatman takes me o'er.

And in those realms of glory  
I will hear a sweeter story ;  
Sweeter because in heaven  
A purer love is given ;  
And every hope will bud and blossom there ;  
And every joy will live forever there.

## IN THE SILENCE.

---

Down into the valley of silence  
I went with my soul one night,  
The stillness was heavy with darkness ;  
I saw not one glimmer of light ;  
The past and the present forgotten ;  
On the wing of a thought I hung ;  
And this was the prayer that went upward,  
My Father ! let thy will be done.

I rested my soul on the promise ;  
The promise of true love divine ;  
And here in the valley of silence  
I waited alone for the sign :  
It came like a flash from the heavens,  
Like a pure and holy ray ;  
The valley was flooded with glory ;  
The darkness was driven away.

The brightness was falling around me,  
The depths of the valley to reach,  
And I paused in the stillness to listen ;  
Whatever the stillness might teach ;  
Like the sound of a tinkling cymbal,  
Like a tune which can never grow old,  
Came the still small voice of the silence  
Resounding throughout the whole.

Oh, Soul ! to thy soul be united ;  
    Oh, Heart ! to thy heart beat again ;  
Oh, Love ! to thy love be replighted ;  
    And Hope ! to thy hope say amen ;  
As high as the heavens above you,  
    As deep as the darkness below,  
Are the ways which leadeth to wisdom ;  
    The wisdom TRUTH only, can know.



## LOVE LIVES REFINED ABOVE.

---

Dear heart, why all this sighing?  
Bright eyes, why do ye weep?  
Sweet hope, why art thou dying?  
Happiness, why so fleet?

It sighs for lack of loving;  
They weep for want of love ;  
Hope almost dies in proving,  
Love lives refined above.

But not when mirth and gladness  
Are falling on the ears,  
Do sad hearts yield to sadness,  
And bright eyes fill with tears.

But when there comes cessation  
To busy life around ;  
So empty seems creation  
From very lack of sound ;

The lone heart feels it sorrow ;  
And bright eyes fill with tears ;  
And hope can scarcely borrow  
One ray for future years.

But is it worth the telling?  
When hope away has flown,  
And empty seems the dwelling,  
The lone heart feels so lone ;

We sigh for lack of loving,  
We weep for want of love,  
Hope almost dies in proving  
Love lives refined above?

## LULU.

---

Sitting at the window,  
Twilight deepening fast,  
Memory's busy fingers  
Turning o'er the past ;  
There a little maiden,  
Nightly may be seen ;  
Golden tresses flowing ;  
Robes of lovely green.

Is it thus she ponders  
O'er departing day ?  
Hoping is delusive ;  
Joys will never stay ;  
All the mornings promise  
So pleasing and so fair,  
Have passed beyond my knowing  
Oh, twilight ! tell me where !

Lulu ? gentle Lulu !  
Question not the night ;  
Daylight ends in darkness ;  
And darkness ends in light ;  
Let the deepning shadows  
Unheeded round you fall ;  
For there is one bright morning  
Coming for us all.

## VAGARIES.

---

String a rhyme of pleasant things  
Such as may be given ;  
Set an ideal ladder up,  
And on it enter heaven;  
Climb the rungs with fearless tread,  
Though there may be more  
Than you thought, to reach the height  
You ne'er climbed before.

Gather up the fleecy clouds,  
Where the blue is brightest,  
Make of them a bridal robe,  
Softest, purest, whitest ;  
Let it from your shoulders fall,  
Loose and amply flowing ;  
That the angels of the air  
May know where you're going.

Take the rainbow from the east,  
Where the colors vieing,  
To excel each other, look  
Just hung out for drying ;  
Drape it gracefully around  
All your robe adorning ;  
Pin it with a brilliant gem,  
Like the star of morning.

From the sunset, bring a cloud  
Where the last ray lingers,  
Form of it a coronet,  
With your nimble fingers ;  
In the center, gleaming bright,  
Place the star of even,  
Let it sparkle on your brow  
When you enter heaven.

For your sandals, take the shine  
From the flowing river ;  
Get it from the brightest place,  
Where the moon-beams quiver ;  
Fasten them with buckles made  
From the streams of fire,  
Drawn from out the thunder cloud  
When it looks most dire.

Orion perhaps, will lend  
His girdle, bright and shining  
To confine your flowing robe,  
While you're upward winding ;  
And the stars will twinkle so  
As you tread the air,  
You will need no other lights,  
Save the one's you bear.

But there are of gems beside  
These already given,  
Faith and Hope, and Love divine ;  
Brightest stars in heaven :  
These should gild the inner self  
With a light supernal,  
If you'd win a radiant smile  
From the Great Eternal.

## WILLIE AND ANNIE.

---

Willie loved Annie, and Annie loved Willie ;  
In the glad sweet springtime of long ago ;  
Beautiful children playing together,  
Dreaming of happiness, never of woe.

She was a bonny lass, witty and pretty,  
And he a good lad, so honest and true ;  
All through the spring-time they rambled, and  
                    rambled,  
For pebbles and posies, and grew, and grew.

Daisies and buttercups bloomed by the wayside,  
Soft budding breezes, and gentle their blow ;  
Swallows and sparrows, and cherry young voices  
Made glad the spring-time in the long ago.

Then came the sunny days, mellow and yellow,  
The sweet blushing roses peeped over the wall ;  
The beautiful spring-time was passing forever ;  
And Willie and Annie were growing so tall !

The cooing of doves came out from the bushes ;  
The humming of insects fell soft on the ear ;  
And apple trees shook down their pink and white  
                    blossoms,  
Telling us plainly that summer was near.

Then the warm breezes swept over the lakelet,  
Which nestled so still in the valley below,  
Stealing the fragrance of bonny white lilies,  
Which bloomed in the spring-time of long, long ago.

Willie and Annie had wandered together,  
All through the glad months of April and May ;  
Now the bright summer was stretching before them,  
Down through the valley for miles far away.

They paused for a moment, to look, and to ponder ;  
To look to the future, to think of the past ;  
And the future seemed bright only shared with each  
other,

And so hand in hand they went on to the last.

Now, if you'd find them, I'll tell you they're sleep-  
ing

Down in the valley, where fresh breezes blow ;  
Daisies and buttercups bloom, as they blossomed  
In the glad spring-time, so long, long ago.

But the sleepers awake not to greet them;  
Swallows and sparrows may twitter in vain;  
Spring-time and showers, summer and flowers  
May gladden earth's children, but they will remain.

Till the season returneth; when the innermost quick-  
ens;

Then like to new buds shall their spirits unfold,  
And Willie and Annie shall wander together;  
Love again as they loved in the days of old.

## THE BELLS OF CHILDHOOD HOURS.

---

Can I forget my childhood home,  
Or cease to hold it kindly;  
Because for long, long years I've roamed,  
Since it was left behind me?

Can I forget the dim old woods,  
Through which I took my rambles,  
The grand old pines. the underwood,  
The berries and the brambles?

Can I forget the shady glen  
Down which so oft I wandered;  
The hush which crept o'er nature, when  
In cool retreats I pondered?

Can I forget the happy dreams  
Those quiet nooks engendered;  
Though Time has rolled his cares between  
And other pastime rendered?

Can I forget the playmates dear  
Who shared my simple pleasures;  
Who wondered with me far and near,  
In quest of woodland treasures?



Can I forget my little loves,  
The pinks and plums they brought me,  
Though other friends and other loves  
In other lands have sought me?

And there was one, though resting now  
Where summer winds are sweeping,  
Who softly bathed my aching brow,  
And soothed me into sleeping.

Who never tired or weary seemed,  
Though watching months together;  
Whose eyes for me with kindness beamed;  
Can I forget her? Never.

Forbid it, heaven, that I should prove  
Recreant to things so holy;  
Could I forget what shared my love  
When flowed life's stream so lowly?

No, no! deep in my heart I feel  
Sweet memory's magic powers;  
And o'er times distant billows peal  
The Bells of Childhood Hours.

## WHAT IS LOVE?

---

And what is love? a pure white flame?  
Emblem of that mysterious name  
Proclaimed all wonderful below;  
The pure in heart alone may know;  
As 'tis below, it is above,  
For love is God, and God is love.

A pure white flame, a living fire,  
From selfish taint, from low desire  
Forever free, thus to remain;  
Thrice blessed is he who may obtain  
One spark from this eternal flame;  
One letter from the mystic name.

No sordid tongue can speak the word,  
By which the heavenly hosts are stirred:  
No sordid heart can ever know,  
Or feel the rapture of that glow,  
In love divine there lies concealed  
A power, alone by love revealed.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

---

Through the pearly gate of Morning  
Tripped a maiden young and bright  
Dimpled hands, and dimpled features;  
Nature's blossom, pink and white;—  
Looked she far adown the valley  
Where the sunbeams falling through  
Maple boughs and willow branches,  
Flecked the scene, with rain-bow hue.

Flowers were blooming all around her;  
Sweet wild blooms in shines and shade,  
But her gaze was stretching outward,  
Where the broken sunbeams played :  
Where the flecks of light were dancing,  
Shifting, changing there and here;  
And she longed to reach the valley  
Heeding not the beauties near.

Higher, higher, "Sol" was climbing;  
Pearly dew drops fled away;  
And beyond the winsome valley.  
Green fields bright before her lay;  
Still she tripped so lightly onward;  
Scarcely touching flower or grass,  
Till her limbs began to tire,  
Then she cries, alas ! alas !

Stood she still, and looking backward,  
She could not return again.

Lo ! the vale was far behind her,  
And before the scorching plain,  
She could not retrace her footsteps  
Now her limbs were tired and sore;  
She must follow down the pathway  
Whither went it, evermore.

Changeful now are all the prospects ;  
Dimpled cheeks have lost their bloom;  
Hopes so bright in early morning  
Now are buried in the tomb.  
And the Sun is sliding downward,  
Downward to the hour of rest;  
Happy maiden; weary woman,  
Tired hand folded on the breast.

## RAMBLING.

---

In the freshness of morning I wandered  
Mid flowers bespangled with dew;  
And in each crystal cup there was mirrored  
A little world, fairy to view;  
And I said, O, my soul! be thou ever,  
Like nature, reflecting and true.

The birds sang their songs to the hours;  
The rills murmured softly and sweet;  
The little winds crept o'er the hill tops;  
And then was the chorus complete;  
And I said, O, my soul! be thou ever  
With melody filled, and as sweet.

The trees shook their heads as I wandered,  
And down fell the fruitage so fair;  
Till nature's great lap was o'er-flowing  
With various productions, and rare,  
And I said, O, my soul! learn this lesson,  
To scatter with liberal care.

I saw but the beauties around me;  
I heard but the melodies sweet;  
I knew not the way would be changeful,  
The green path grow rough to my feet;  
For how can we know in the morning,  
The fervor of noonday heat?

My heart throbbed with exquisite pleasure,  
The joys of existence to know;  
And filled to the brim seemed each measure  
Vouchsafe to us mortals below;  
For surely, we dream not of sorrow  
Till we've drank from the cup of woe.

But out on the road I was going,  
E're the flush of the morning had flown,  
I found there were losses and crosses,  
And stumbling and rolling stones;  
And many a burden of sorrow  
That each one must carry alone.

My spirit was trembling within me;  
I saw that the human was weak;  
And down on my knees, before heaven,  
I prayed for the armor complete;  
The grace that would keep me and save me,  
Though the pit-falls were never so deep.

Thus, onward and upward I'm plodding,  
While time brings its joy and dismay;  
But ever, and ever I'm looking  
To the gates of eternal day;  
And I know when I enter the portals,  
All sorrows will vanish away.

## I CARE NOT IF MY BARK MAY GLIDE.

---

I care not if my bark may glide  
    Slowly or swiftly down the tide;  
I only know that I shall be  
    Somewhere in God's immensity;  
And where He bids me, I must go;  
    And this is all I now may know.

But God, to me, is love supreme,  
    Expressed through all, but never seen;  
In marble hall or humble cot,  
    There is no place where God is not;—  
But sometimes we, through self-love place  
    A double veil about His face.

And when by Satan thus beguiled,  
    Refusing to be reconciled,  
With minds obscure, and dreamy eyes  
    We seek in vain for Paradise;  
While close beside the walls we wait,  
    For other hands to ope the gate.

The law divine is pure and good;  
    Scarcely by mortals understood;  
Because our spirit eyes are dimmed;  
    Our midnight lamps are never trimmed;  
Our oil is out; we hear the cry;  
    And then make haste to beg or buy.

While we are gone, the doors close ;  
    Again in selfhood we repose ;  
With one more shadow on the soul;  
    With one more thickness to the fold;  
With one more doubt to clear away:  
    With one more night to watch and pray.  
How long my brethren shall we sleep !  
    And like the foolish virgins keep  
Our lamps untrimmed? Behold the hour !  
    The watchman cryeth from the tower;  
The Bridegroom cometh ere the morn !  
    Be ready with your garments on !



## HOW CAN WE THINK?

---

How can we think our education finished  
When the few years of this frail life is o'er?  
As we go forth will the beyond diminish,  
And hold for us no new thing to explore?

And what are all these shining lights in heaven?  
If they're not worlds where we may hope to dwell;  
After we've learned the needful lessons given  
To fit us for these spheres! Ah! who can tell?

Dare we to think the great Law given, faileth  
In one iota of the heaven-born place?  
Though sin and sorrow seemingly prevaieth  
Thinkest thou they can destroy the God in man?

The God in man must surely live forever  
But not the temple, which must pass away,  
Yet in each dwelling some new truth may gather,  
To lift life higher and to clear the way.

So onward we must pass, waking or sleeping;  
And in each mansion growing more divine;  
Until the real harvest in God's keeping,  
Is ripened well, and garnered for alltime.

## FARMER GRAY.

*In memory of the old home.*

---

In the country far away,  
Lived a farmer, bright and gay ;  
He had lived there many a day ;  
He had come, for so 'twas told,  
With a heart both kind and bold  
In the wilds woods there to stay.

There he cleared a little spot ;  
Built a little barn and cot ;  
Wed a wife to share his lot,  
For he thought the saying true :  
One was not so good as two  
To settle in a lonely spot.

Seasons past, and changes came,  
But we will not think it strange ;  
For they worked with might and main,  
And the wilderness was doomed.  
Soon the garden roses bloomed  
'Neath the sunshine and the rain.

And as time turned o'er and o'er,  
So increased their worldly store ;  
Little prattlers round the door  
Till they reached the number seven ;  
All the way from one to eleven ;  
Blessings sent to cheer the poor.

Then the neighbors all around,  
Said their happiness was crowned ;  
Better children ne'er were found ;  
Happy hearted boys and girls,  
Laughing eyes and flowing curls ;  
They were favorites all around.

But 'twas true that Farmer Gray  
And his wife worked every day ;  
All the year without delay.  
For the plates were three times three,  
Filled three times a day, you see,  
So they had no time for play.

Yet it could not be denied  
But their board was well supplied ;  
Though it was both long and wide ;  
And the biscuits, lightly browned,  
Nowhere quite so nice were found ;  
So the people did decide.

And well they knew, for scarce a day  
But some neighbor passed that way,  
And took a meal with Farmer Gray.  
He was such a liberal man ;  
So, forsooth, the saying ran ;  
One could never get away.

Still there was a something more,  
Luring people to their door ;  
Something but the liberal store ;  
Mrs. Gray was trim and neat,  
And in house-wifery complete,  
From the garret to the floor,

And her cloth was always white ;  
And her bread was always light ;  
More than all, her face was bright ;  
No complaint, or bitter word  
In that family was heard,  
From the morning till the night.

Thus the years flitted away,  
Years that will for nothing stay ;  
And left their mark on Farmer Gray.  
Dull his steps grew, and apace,  
The lines were gathering in his face ;  
Even his locks were getting gray.

The mistress saw her youth depart,  
But not with it her cheerful heart ;  
For that was of her life a part,  
And Edwin thought her just the same  
As when a blushing bride she came  
To share his cottage and his heart.

Now their noble-hearted boys,  
And their girls with fun and noise,  
Gave them ever new-born joys;  
Sent the blood flowing anew,  
All the different channels through,  
Life prolonging with new joys.

And instead of Farmer Gray,  
Young folks now began to say,  
"God bless Aunt and Uncle Gray ;  
Bless them for the good they've done ;  
Bless them for the good to come ;  
Bless them all along the way."

But old Time in creeping past,  
O'er their home his shadow cast ;  
Bade them follow him at last.  
So the chronicles portray  
How the old folks passed away ;  
Loved and loving to the last.

In the grave-yard on the hill,  
Where the evening dews distill,  
Every tiny cup to fill,  
They are resting side by side,  
As in life they did abide,  
Working out the Father's will.

And if you should pass that way,  
You would hear the people say,  
On that hill lived Uncle Gray ;  
And they'd tell you something more,  
"Those who left his friendly door,  
Went not empty on their way."

And perhaps the tears would flow,  
When in speaking, soft and low  
Of the old house long ago ;  
Of the changes years unfold,  
Old folks gone, and young folks old,  
Hasting to the vale below.

But I'll put my harp away,  
Close the book and softly say,  
Good-bye, Aunt and Uncle Gray !  
If one heart has felt with me,  
Through my tender minstrelsy,  
Not in vain this humble lay.

## THE MUSIC OF THE WATERS.

---

O, say can you remember  
A melody so sweet,  
As the music of the waters  
When they leap, and laugh and meet?  
As down the valley flowing ;  
Methinks I hear it yet ;  
And the dreams those notes engendered  
I never can forget.

And is there in the spring-time  
A joy that equals this?  
The trembling, thrilling rapture  
Of love's first bashful kiss?  
Oh, were it but enduring;  
Never to change or fade ;  
Then earth would be an Eden,  
Green bower and sunny glade.

And is there in the summer,  
When days are long and clear,  
An hour so enchanting,  
To manhood half so dear,  
As the golden hours of twilight,  
When turns the world to rest ;  
And worldly cares and turmoils  
Are locked within the breast.

And in the glorious autumn,  
When the yellow leaves are found  
Like a carpet, soft and beautiful  
Covering up the ground ;  
How pleasant then to ramble  
The woodlands far and wide,  
With some dear friend to cheer us,  
To wander by our side.

Then when stern winter cometh,  
The season cold and drear ;  
If burning bright the hearth fire,  
We may have inward cheer.  
So let us ever cherish  
Something that's sweet to hold :  
To warm the house we live in  
When we are growing old.



## RIENZA.

Oh maidens, ye light hearted maidens!  
Talking and laughing so gay,  
Do you know what it is to be happy,  
As happy as I am to-day?  
Do you know the sweet pleasure of loving  
Till your bosom with ecstasy burns?  
Do you know the sweet pleasure of getting  
A heart full of love in return?

But yesterday e'en I went with you;  
I joined in your frolic and play;  
But since then I've learnt a new lesson  
I am wiser than you are to day :  
You may think I am a little conceited  
Because in my speech I'm so plain ;  
But when you have learned this new lesson,  
My boasting will not seem so vain.

If you'll listen I'll tell you the story :  
How it was I grew suddenly wise :  
But one thing I never need tell you—  
Rienza has beautiful eyes ;  
You have all felt their wonderful glances ;  
As flowers the sunshine and dew :  
But I am the flower he has chosen,  
And so I am happier than you.

When homeward I turned me last evening,  
The hour I am sure was not late ;  
But Rienza had gone on before me,  
He was waiting for me at the gate ;  
He was waiting to tell me he loved me :  
To ask if his love was returned :  
And this, Oh my friends ! is the lesson,  
This is the lesson I've learned.

Such a heaven is dawning within me ;  
Such a thrill of unspeakable joy ;  
For I have my one faithful lover,  
Rienza, my bonny brave boy :  
I have sealed every word that was spoken ;  
Every look and expression so sweet ;  
I have treasured them up in my bosom,  
And I feel that my life is complete,  
Oh ! maidens, ye light hearted maidens :  
The day of appointment is near ;  
There before hymen's blest altar  
Rienza and I will appear ;  
To be sealed before earth and heaven,  
For a happy and virtuous life ;  
He is to be lover and husband,  
And am to be true love and wife.

## LITTLE DEEDS.

---

It was only a little sunbeam  
But it parted a dismal cloud,  
Which hung o'er the beautiful landscape  
Like the gloom of a funeral shroud;  
It was only a little sunbeam,  
But it larger and brighter grew,  
Till earth was covered all over,  
With sunshine and glory too.

They were only gentle rain drops  
But they fell on the thirsty earth;  
The fields were all made redolent;  
The birds were filled with mirth;  
A song went up to the heavens;  
For nature's great heart was filled;  
And the pulse of all creation,  
In one grand concert thrilled.

It was only an act of kindness,  
Bestowed on a lowly one;  
But the angel smiled when he saw it,  
And wrote in the Book, well done:  
It was only a look of sorrow,  
But it fell on a child of sin,  
The hungry bosom opened,  
And a good thought glided in.

The heavens broke forth in rejoicing  
Because of the good being done ;  
The great chorus everywhere sounded  
A heaven on earth is begun:  
The messengers of the Good Master,  
Watches from the plains above,  
Ended the grand sweet euphony,  
Proclaiming Our God is Love.



### THE EGO, OR IMMORTAL SELF.

---

Out from the mist of the long, long ago,  
Sent for a purpose the Gods only know,  
Down on the rim of time slowly I came  
Bearing within me a slumbering flame ;  
A thought, an atom from the one great cause,  
Subject to many and various laws,  
Fixed and immutable ;—thus we may see  
What was, still is, and ever more shall be.—  
No atom is lost ; no matter how long  
Traveling the rounds, from morning till morn ;  
Waking or sleeping, living or dying,  
Treading the earth, amid the clouds flying,  
That atom is still on its mission bound,  
Climbing the circles round after round,  
Till the last is won ; a grand mystery !  
Again “the dewdrop slips into the sea,”  
The bosom of Love, only to remain  
Till the Word is spoken, Go forth again !  
Onward and onward, ever and ever,  
But last in the Infinite, never, no never.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ELECTA OUSLEY.

---

The Master came into His garden  
One bright autumnal eve ;  
He found her by the pathway,  
Resting among her sheaves ;  
He lovingly addressed her,  
"Oh, good and faithful one !  
Thy sheaves are all accepted  
Thy earthly labors done.  
"The burdens and the crosses,  
The faithful ones must bear,  
The sorrows and the losses  
I watch with loving care ;  
Arise, my faithful daughter,  
And come along with me,  
To rest among the lillies,  
In my garden o'er the sea."  
"My lillies all are blooming,  
In my garden over there ;  
The fragrance and perfuming  
Are wafted everywhere ;  
Thy place has been selected,  
Is ready now for thee ;  
In my garden 'mong the lillies,  
Just o'er the bordering sea."

And then he gently touched her,

“’Tis time for you to leave ;

No longer is it needful

To watch among the sheaves ;

If others will be faithful

As thou has been for aye,

The garden will not suffer

Although thou art away.”

So daughter, faithful daughter,

Just lay life’s burden down,

And over ’mong the lillies

Receive thy well earned crown.”

She heard the master speaking,

And said “I will obey,”

So folding up her garments,

She slowly went away.

## KATE MALONE.

---

Kate was tall, and Kate was pretty,  
Graceful as a willow tree ;  
I, was but a dark-eyed maiden,  
Just as shy as I could be.

We had met one pleasant autumn,  
Met as stranger often meet ;  
But the weeks we passed together  
Ripened into friendship sweet.

She, an only child, was petted,  
Though not spoiled as you might think,  
And her heart sent forth its music,  
Like a happy bob-o-link.

She had never known a sorrow ;  
Never known an hour unblest,  
To disturb the laughing current  
Ever rippling from her breast.

I had been a steady toiler,  
Even, from my childhood years ;  
I had known a world of sorrow ;  
Shed my share of bitter tears.

Yet the hopes within my bosom,  
Danced before me all the way ;  
And my heart, though often weary,  
Sometimes grew supremely gay.

Strange it was, we liked each other ;  
I, her heart so fresh and glad;  
And she often said that Susie,  
Was the dearest friend she had.

But there was a comely Squire,  
“Hal”—a jolly name you see ;  
And he’d been from early girlhood,  
More than all the world to me.

He was gay, and he was witty,  
Full of fun and frolic wild;  
But his speech to me was gentle,  
As a mother’s for her child.

Yet no love-word had been spoken,  
We had nothing sure to tell;  
What ! the need of spoken language,  
When the eyes can speak as well ?

Often, Kate about this Squire  
Would proclaim, in playful mood,  
She was sure the fates designed him.  
For her own admiring lord.

Ah, she little knew this bantering  
All unmeaning, sent a dart  
Quivering on each careless sentence,  
Deep into my trembling heart.

Thus the autumn days passed o’er us,  
Days to memory ever sweet;  
Parted we in full assurance,  
Such good friends must often meet.



But the ways of fickle fortune  
How can any one proclaim;—  
Little thought we at that parting,  
We would scarcely meet again,  
Hal had roved for two long years  
O'er the country to and fro;  
Now the time for his returning  
Made my heart strings tremble so.  
E're he came, he met with Katie  
And I've little more to say,  
Only this, the same old story  
He was lost to me that day.  
Yet sometimes he'd look upon me  
With the old familiar smile;  
But I hid the pain it gave me  
Deep within my heart, the while.  
Then they told me, "Hal" had married  
Kate Malone; a winsome wife;  
So I sent my greeting to them;  
Wishing them a happy life.  
Only once we met a moment,  
Hal and I, when years had flown;—  
But I know he thinks of Susie  
Sometimes now, when he's alone.

BESSIE GROVER.

---

The brooklet sparkled in the sun,  
And rippled gaily down the valley ;  
The honey-clover o'er it hung,  
And with the waters seemed to dally.

The little wavelets danced and leaped  
O'er rocks and roots the hours beguiling ;  
And eddies curled, and eddies beat  
The banks, so pleasant and so smiling.

And yet, the waters did not know  
Their purling notes were so enthralling ;  
But echoes answered soft and low,  
As if another stream was calling.

The breezes hastened from the hill,  
And rustled through the blooming heather,  
Joined in the chorus of the rill,  
And both went on and sang together.

I reined my steed up for awhile,  
To view the pretty landscape over ;  
And then I spied a little child  
Fall fast asleep among the clover.

Her little arm pillowed her head ;  
Her hands were full of buds and flowers ;  
Ah ! This must be a stray, I said,  
Lost out this morn from Eden bowers.

The morning laughed, the morning smiled,  
And brook and breeze made glad together ;  
But I stood gazing on the child,  
Sleeping among the grass and heather.

I dared not touch the little fay,  
For fear I might somewhat affright her ;  
Or waking, she might melt away  
Into a cloud, or something brighter.

But while I gazed with mute surprise,  
Upon the little beauty, sleeping ;  
She opened wide her laughing eyes,  
And gave her hands into my keeping.

I raised her gently to caress ;  
Now, what's your name, my little deary ?"  
She answered quickly, "Little Bess,  
And I am four years old, or nearly."  
And brother is but two, I think,  
Too young, you see, to get his flowers ;  
And so I ran down to the brink ;  
But I've been gone so many hours !

For ma'ma said you'd come to-day ;  
And I've looked t'other road all over ;  
And then, I thought I'd come this way  
And wait a while among the clover.

Now, you're here, so let us go ;  
For baby's always crying for me;  
And ma'ma says, she does not know  
Which way to look, or where to call me.  
But who is Bess? I gently said  
And who is coming? little rover !  
She laughing answered, Uncle Fred,  
And Bess, is little Bessie Grover.  
For six long years abroad I'd strayed ;  
And now I'd come to seek my sister ;  
For in the home where we had played  
I could not stop, so much I missed her.  
The morning laughed, the morning smiled;  
And now my seeking was all over ;  
For I had found her angel child  
Awaiting me among the clover.

## OUTWARD BOUND

---

Outward bound ! Outward bound !  
On the waves we ride ;  
Then when winds are blowing free,  
Let the hours pass merrily ;  
Hours happy, or alas !  
Hours wretched when they're passed,  
Drop into the tide.

Let us keep, let us keep  
Just before the wind ;  
And our bark shall float along  
Smoothly, as the soul of song ;  
When its mellow, mellow lay  
Ushers in the blooming May ;  
May-day left behind.

Sturdy hearts we will bear  
All along the way,  
Floating down the stream of time,  
Never cast a wish behind ;  
Though the far receding shore  
We may visit nevermore ;  
Shore so bright and gay.

Should we meet raging storms,  
    We'll not be alarmed,  
But upon the angry tide  
    Bravely on our bark shall ride,  
Meekly bowing to the blast,  
    Till the storm has from us passed,  
Leaving us unharmed.

Outward bound ! outward bound !  
    Toward the setting sun;  
Toward the happy, happy shore  
In the somewhere, just before;  
    And the Master knoweth best  
Where our little bark shall rest  
    When the voyage is done.

## SUMMER'S COMING.

---

Summer's coming, summer's coming !

Hark ! I hear her footsteps light,  
Sunny hours, birds and flowers,  
Apple blossoms, pink and white !

Golden dawnings, balmy mornings,  
Sultry noonbeams, twilight clear,  
O'er the hills and through the meadows,  
Hark ! her footsteps cometh near.

Waving grainfields, golden headed ;  
Bending, bowing with the wind ;  
Larks and linnets, sing it, sing it !  
Happy happy summer time.

Youths and maidens, hear her footsteps  
Softly press the tender grass ;

Flowers spring along her pathway  
While the summer time shall last.

Give her welcome, oh, ye people !

Welcome to the fields and bowers ;  
She's the one we love most dearly  
Decking all our homes with flowers.

## EVENING THOUGHTS.

---

The human heart a mystery is,  
Fathomed by the Father only;  
And into each must sometimes come  
A feeling sad and lonely.

Encircled by a loving host  
Of friends, most true and willing,  
There still remains an empty place  
Too pure for earthly filling.

No one can truly understand,  
The feelings of another ;  
But each can lend a ready hand  
To help a struggling brother.

It may be well sometimes to pause.  
Life's pages backward turning ;  
By thus reviewing, we may find  
Some lessons need relearning.

Though strange it seems, but who can tell  
From whence the tide is flowing?  
What shores, e're this, it broke upon,  
And whither it is going.

And such is life; our work soon done  
The toils and struggles o'er;  
Just like the tide, it may be so,  
We beat another shore.



AS WE SOW, SO SHALL WE REAP.

---

There's gold, pure gold in the mountain's side,  
Though deep it may be hidden ;  
But mountains will not open wide,  
To show their wealth unbidden;  
And we must dig, if we would gain  
Our share of earthly treasures ;  
Giving for what we would receive  
Just measures, for just measures,

There's many a bloom by the dusty way  
That greets our eyes with gladness ;  
And carols come from the thicket near  
To chase away our sadness ;  
But we must turn to nature oft.  
Be ready to receive her;  
She is a teacher just and true  
If we will but believe her.

There's many a rift in the somber cloud,  
But we must look to find them;  
And looking we may often see  
The silvery shine that lines them ;  
No night soever black it be  
But ends at last in morning ;  
And when the dark is most profound  
'Tis said, we're near the dawning.

The purest gems that earth can yield  
Are often passed unheeding ;  
While counterfeits in borrowed charms  
Receive our warmest greeting ;  
But nature will demand her rights ;  
In her own time proclaiming,  
The worth of beauty, pure and chaste,  
All other beauties shaming.

We'll find her ever just and true  
With goodness overflowing ;  
Ready to help both me and you,  
But we must do the sowing,  
And as we sow, so shall we reap  
In storm or sunny weather  
The useless tare, the needful wheat,  
Or both growing together.

## QUESTIONS.

---

Satisfied ! Satisfied ! the spirits yearnings  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds ;  
The silent love which here meets no returnings,  
The inspirations which no language finds.

Shall these be satisfied? The soul's vague longings;  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?  
Oh, what desires upon my soul come thronging,  
So I look upward to the heavenly hills !

Shall I in that blest region never tire,  
Never grow weary of the praise and song?  
But as each anthem rises higher, higher,  
Feel that in each, my soul is newly born?

Oh ! spirits just ! ye long, long dwellers there !  
If it be true, that you can backward turn,  
Give me some answer to this earnest prayer :  
That I may wait in hope, in hoping learn  
Yes, learn of what is good and great forever ;  
Good for good's sake, and great because its good ;  
Goodness and greatness goeth on together ;  
And will go on till more is understood.

## REVERIES.

---

In the hush of the evening I ponder,  
I dream of the pleasures of yore,  
Till music floats out from the by-gones,  
Entrancing my spirit once more :  
And I stand in the hall of remembrance  
And open the old oaken door.

I wander all over the mansion ;  
I see all the loved ones again,  
And their faces are bright as the sunshine  
That comes after showers of rain ;  
And I feel the warm grasp of their greeting,  
I press their warm fingers again.

I ramble away through the meadows.  
And down by the bubbling stream;  
I seek out the place of the rushes,  
And pull up a branch in my dreams;  
And I make little baskets for berries,  
And I fill them brimfull in my dreams.

Then out from the valley of springtime  
I am marching along to the plain,  
The flowers wake up at my footsteps—  
They know I am coming again ;  
And my soul all the time maketh music,  
Warbling a happy refrain.

## I'M STANDING ON THE SUMMIT.

---

I'm standing on the summit  
Looking far away  
The morning lies behind me  
In the distant gray  
Below the vale of twilight  
And on the other side  
The land of Beulah stretches  
Before me far and wide.

Perhaps I well might tarry  
The pathway to review  
E'er I take up my staff again  
The journey to pursue  
Look backward for a moment  
'Twill do no harm I trow  
Though morning buds and blossoms  
Were withered long ago.

Still, still I can recall them  
And in my memory clear  
The joys of early girlhood  
One after one appear  
Arising in the distance  
And here and there are seen  
A group of little sorrows  
Springing up between.

'Tis not a fancy picture  
I turn me to behold  
But one engraved from real life  
With touches deep and bold  
And standing here as now I stand  
I feel it in my breast  
The Great Designer teaches well  
And knoweth what is best.

Then trusting in the Master  
I will pursue my way  
Leaving the past behind me  
To mingle with the gray  
Go on to meet the future  
That's opening to my sight  
With heaven just before me  
Beautiful and bright.

## THE WAY OF LIFE.

---

The way of life is up and down,  
But wherefore should we grumble?  
Better to keep a cheerful heart,  
Though we may sometimes stumble.

To scan the mountains and be faint  
Because we stand before them;  
This will not make them tumble down,  
That we may not climb o'er them.

Better to keep on hopefully—  
There may be little pleasures  
Scattered along the rugged way,  
Or unexpected treasures.

And we must climb if we would reach  
The goal to which we're aiming;  
Fruition cometh not to those  
Who spend their time complaining.

The mountains towering to the skies  
The deepest waters measure;  
And souls that conquer most, enjoy  
Fruition's greatest pleasure.

We need the discipline of life,  
Or it had not been given;  
To purify and fit us for  
Our heritage in heaven.

## THE MAIDEN'S SHROUD.

---

A maiden in the morning of life,  
Sat down to her sewing one day ;  
Her hands went along with the work,  
But her thoughts wandered out on the way ;  
And she saw in the valley of strife,  
Along the same path she was going ;  
Instead of the roses of life,  
Briars and brambles growing ;  
And she dropped a tear  
Sighing, Oh, dear !

Still on went the fingers the same,  
Backward and forward they flew,  
While the thoughts wandered slowly away,  
The briars and brambles through ;  
And a spirit appeared in her dream,  
To stand in the pathway before her ;  
She fainted almost, but a smile  
Of love and hope soon restored her,  
But she dropped a tear  
Sighing, O, dear !

The clock in the corner went on ;  
And so went the needle and thread ;  
Away went the thoughts of the maid,  
And away went the spirit that led ;  
And it cried as it went, follow me



Through the vale where the briars are growing,  
They'll tear but the flesh, and beyond  
The fountain Castalia is flowing,  
But she dropped a tear  
Sighing, Oh, dear !

The sun traveled on to the West ;  
So traveled the hand o'er the seam;  
And the spirit went cheering the way  
Of the thoughts it would lead to the stream;  
Take courage, take courage, I pray,  
Thou know'st not how sweet is the water,  
Or the pleasure awaiting thee there ;  
Then haste thee, Oh, haste thee, my daughter !  
But she dropped a tear  
Sighing, O, dear !

The curtain of day folded up,  
So folded the hands on her breast.  
The shroud was complete, and the dream,  
And the poor little maiden at rest.  
The spirit conducted her where  
The Castalian waters were springing  
The muses received her with joy  
And crowned her with laurels, singing  
Welcomn, welcoms, weary daughter!  
Welcome to the fountain !  
Drink thou of the sparkling water  
Flowing from the mountain ;  
Never, never more shalt thou  
Shed the bitter tear ;  
And in agony of heart  
Sighing, say Oh, dear !

## NOTHING NEW.

---

Nothing new ! well, it may be so ;  
This world was made long time ago ;  
And ever since the early dawn,  
Man's thinking-cap has been squarely on.

The brain gets tired ; but the man  
Behind, is doing all he can ;  
Through thick and thin, indoors or out,  
To bring a new idea about.

Has thought, and thought, is thinking still  
By some new plan to fill the bill ;  
By turning all things upside down ;  
And yet the new thing is not found.

The preacher says, nothing is new ;  
Let us reflect ; can that be true ?  
There is no end, so runs the rhyme :  
And God is working all the time.

Surely, the one Great God must be  
So far beyond our capacity,  
Even the wise have scarce begun  
To learn the A B of the sun.

And every bright and twinkling star  
Following its path, through space afar,  
Must have cognitions ever new  
To us, if we could find the cue.

But I will not string out my rhyme ;  
'Tis useless thus to spend the time ;  
I feel I've just commenced to grow ;  
In eons hence, much more I'll know.

## PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

---

Oh, heavenly Power ! grant me but this, I pray;  
Sufficient strength for each returning day ;

What'ere the day may bear;

Oh, fill my heart so full of good intent,  
That not one thought of ill, by evil sent,  
May find admittance there.

And though the way be rough and tiresome, too,  
With each returning day my strength renew,

That I may steadfast be;

That naught may tempt my weary feet to stray,  
Or turn a moment from the narrow way

That leadeth up to Thee.

And Father, if it be Thy blessed will

To cause this heart with heavenly love to thrill,

Inborn of saving grace ;

Oh, grant that I may bear, where'er I go  
Through light, through darkness, and through weal  
and woe,

Thine impress on my face.

## HEART MEMORIES.

---

There are dreams, bright dreams, which I cannot  
forget,

They are flitting like sunbeams o'er memory yet ;  
Though faded their brightness away with my youth,  
They left for the future the impress of truth.

They are flitting, they are flitting o'er memory yet,  
Those dreams, those bright dreams, which I cannot  
forget.

There are memories which haunt me, I cannot tell why,  
They come to my mind from the stream murmuring by ;  
And each evening zephyr seems bearing to me  
On its gentle bosom some sweet memory.

They haunt me, they haunt me, those memories yet,  
They are down in my heart, and I cannot forget.

There are visions, bright visions, which come to me  
now,

Of the days when I plucked the first flowers for my  
brow ;

Though transient their joys were, and fragile as they,  
Their memories are garnered and will not decay.

They are coming, they are coming, those bright visions  
yet,

They are part of my life, and I cannot forget.

There are hopes, bright hopes, I once did regret  
They cheated me so, but they're not banished yet,  
Though now changed in features, and purer in hue,  
The allurements they offer are lasting and true.  
Those hopes, those bright hopes I can no more regret ;  
They will bear me to heaven when life's star shall set.

## WAITING.

---

I wait, but know not why I wait ;  
I may go soon, I may go late ;  
Or others may pass on before,  
And leave me waiting on the shore.

There was a time these weary eyes  
Looked on the world with glad surprise ;  
And every flower which met their view  
Impressed itself just as it grew.

Nature's sweet melodies then fell  
Softly on ears that listened well ;  
And the glad heart caught the refrain,  
Throbbled fast, and then grew calm again,

But years have come, and years have sped,  
The early flowers have long been dead ;  
The dearest joys have been entombed ;  
The sweetest hopes have never bloomed.

But now, I fold my hands to rest,  
No more with earthly cares oppress ;  
I'm waiting till the word shall be,  
"Pass on ! Thy spirit now is free !"









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